

# The MESSENGER

of  
OUR  
LADY  
of  
AFRICA



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## MISSIONARY GUILDS OF OUR LADY OF AFRICA

A Mission Guild of Our Lady of Africa is established to help the Missions under the special protection of Our Lady, Queen of Africa. Just as every other guild or club, there must be a President and other officers. There must also be promoters, who try to get as many members as possible.

The members of the Guild promise to contribute a certain small amount for Our Lady's Missions every week. As a reminder of their promise and at the same time to facilitate the putting aside of this small sum, the members, at their enrollment in the Guild, receive a little bag in which they may keep their weekly offering. At the close of every ten weeks, the promoters collect the total for the missions.

A meeting is called for the promoters to give in the offerings of their members, which is then sent to the Sisters. This meeting may also be a little social gathering for the promoters.

Who would miss five or ten cents a week? However, this sum, although small in itself, when donated by a number of people each week, becomes no less than a fortune in Mission land.

Who can estimate the number of hearts, living tabernacles, in which God will reign, simply because a nickle or dime was put aside each week for the missions? And who can conceive the reward that Our Lady of Africa will obtain from her Divine Son for those who help to extend His Kingdom among the Mohammedans and pagan Africans.

### SPECIAL FAVORS ARE GRANTED TO PROMOTERS BY THE HOLY SEE

A plenary Indulgence may be gained under the usual conditions on:

- (a) the day of their enrollment as promoters.
- (b) the following Feasts: Immaculate Conception, Saint Augustine, Saint Monica, Saint Peter, and Saint Francis Xavier.

The Masses said for promoters after their death at any Altar will procure for their souls the same favors as if the Masses were said on Privileged Altars.

### FOR ORDINARY MEMBERS

Three Masses are said every month for the living and deceased members. Moreover, they share in the apostolic labors of all the Sisters of the Congregation and in the prayers said for them in all the convents of the Congregation.

For information about vocations, write to our American Postulate:

Reverend Mother Superior  
319 Middlesex Avenue, Metuchen, New Jersey.

### SPIRITUAL ADVANTAGES

Three Masses are said monthly for the living and deceased benefactors of the Congregation of the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Africa. Moreover, they share in the prayers and apostolic labors of over thirteen hundred White Sisters, who are working in the African Missions; and in the prayers and acts of self denial that the Natives, so willingly, offer up daily for their benefactors.

*To avoid the Mission unnecessary expense, kindly notify us immediately of a change of address. If you do not, the postal authorities will tax us for their notification.*

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# Give Us God . . .

*"Give us God," he cries.*

*Is then our need the less,  
Because of others' sighs  
And anguish of distress?*

*"Our Fathers have been taken  
To battle in their wars  
Against a godless nation -  
The beast with blood-stained claws.*

*"There are too few to break  
Our Bread - the Bread of Life;  
Too few our thirst to slake;  
We falter in the strife.*

*"Our Fathers who are left  
Are charged with other flocks  
To pasture (though bereft  
Of help) among the rocks*

*"Of paganism. None*

*Of that dear white-robed band  
Of women, have now won  
Their way to Afric's strand*

*"For two long years. We plead  
In vain for succour, Pray  
That God, in our deep need,  
Turn not His Face away."*

*"Prince of peace, Lamb of God,  
O save our sin-stained earth  
Now crushed beneath Thy rod.  
Give peace, Lord, through Thy Birth."*

*— Sr. Mary John, W. S.*

# War and the African Missions

IN THE late summer of 1939, a new period was beginning for the African Missions. Again it was war time in Europe...

On account of Africa's close geographical location to Europe, and more so of the closer links of tutelage, that European nations have established over this vast continent, grim war settled on Africa.

The poem written for this month's first page draws out the broad lines of the situation along the "African Mission War Front." In the very beginning, some of the missionary Priests, Brothers, and Students of age, were called away from their respective Missions, by their country either to serve as Chaplains, or for active duty. It is now known that too many, of those called to bear arms, were killed.

Other Missionaries on account of nationality were either removed from active Mission work or much restrained in their goings about. These Mission Territories abandoned or partly, had to be taken up by the Missionaries remaining free. The personnel already very reduced, is overtaxed, but will hold out they say, with God's help and whatever financial assis-

tance friends in America can send to them.

American and Canadian White Fathers alone have been enabled to bring reinforcement in the portion of the Lord's vineyard confided to their care, as they are the only ones who may still travel.

\* \* \* \* \*

Here follows a letter from one of the Vicars Apostolic in the White Fathers Missions. It was received in the last days of 1941.

Kitega, 25/9/41.

Reverend Mother,

*Kindly permit me to ask if it would be possible for you by some way or other, to obtain Mass stipends in order to help us? For some time we have been entirely deprived of them; the Vicariate of Urundi has actually 100 priests for whom I must provide one mass stipend daily.*

*Should you be able to correspond with your Motherhouse or ours, may I ask you to make known to them that the Priests and Sisters of the Vicariate are well and the various activities are kept up in spite of the war. At present we have 400,000 Christians, and 250,000 Catechumens. This year we have lost one Native Priest, we still have 17. We also have 32 Native Sisters and 15 Novices. Our Minor Seminary has 110 students. There are 20 Major Seminarists, 5 will be ordained in July 1942.*

*Our Reverend Superiors will be pleased to*



*learn that Divine Providence has protected us and that the great stride towards Christianity, which has been going on for some time in Urundi, has not been hampered by the sad events of present times.*

*Trusting in Divine Providence always, and assuring you, Reverend Mother, of my devotedness in Christ,*

*Msgr. Grauls,  
Vicar Apostolic, Kitega, Urundi.*

\* \* \* \* \*

At the outbreak of the war our Reverend Mother General was asked by the Government and the Red Cross to staff four military ambulances for North Africa. Sisters were called away from the Mission for this emergency, we learned that later, when they were no longer needed, the four groups were released from duty, free to return to the Missions.

Until December 1939 our Sisters managed to get transportation to Central Africa. It is near to a three weeks water trip from our Motherhouse at Algiers or rather, Marseilles from where the Sisters embark, to Mombasa or Daressalaam, according to their last inland destination. Since late 1939 no further reinforcements could leave for these Missions of East Africa.

West Africa was more fortunate for when the normal time Mediterranean and Atlantic route became impassable, Sisters destined to the Missions of the Sudan and the Gold Coast, inaugurated a new inland route through the Sahara, which proved very satisfactory.

God's grace is keeping on its powerful stride in pagan Africa. Despite this terrible war new missions have come in existence, some in the Sahara, and several in Central Africa. These last, being planned and promised to the Natives long before the outbreak of actual events, could no longer be put off. The older missions had to pinch themselves more, and sacrifice one or the other of their members to form the new Communities.

All the while in Europe many of the young Sisters, who had been assigned to our various study houses to pursue special

studies toward degrees, nursing, etc., have now completed their courses, through these last years of bombings, and invasions, and are ready for their new fields of work. However on account of the intricate international strife, they are "blockaded" and may not bring the much needed relief to the valiant laborers on the African Field.

It is in our New North American Novitiate that hope is now centered. In May, a first Profession Ceremony will take place. Though we proudly look to this first "war caravan", it is so few for Africa's needs. . .

The Metuchen, New Jersey, Postulate has unbegrudgingly seen its generous postulants leave for the Novitiate, thus taking a new step forward for Africa. Who will fill the empty places? . . .

\* \* \* \* \*



May we ask you, dear Reader, to join with us in begging the Lord of the Harvest to send laborers in His vineyard. And if among you, there be still young ladies aspiring to do great things for the Lord, there is scope for every talent in Africa. A life of sacrifice is ahead, but God will not be outdone in generosity.

Our Lord Himself promised that not a glass of water given in His name would go unrewarded. What then is the reward awaiting the soul who gives herself entirely to be His handmaid in the harvest of souls, that cost His

awful Passion to the shedding of the last drop of His Most Precious Blood!

#### FOR DEFENSE



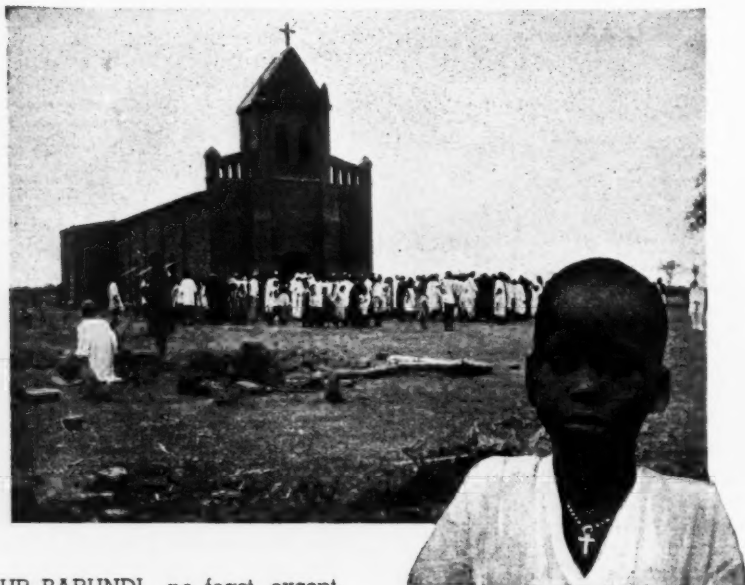
Let's keep America strong — and free. Do your share. Buy United States Defense Bonds and Stamps today.

#### AND

**HELP THE MISSIONS  
BY SENDING THEM TO:**

**White Sisters' Convent  
319 Middlesex Avenue  
Metuchen, New Jersey**

# Hosanna Filio Davidi



FOR OUR BARUNDI, no feast, excepting Easter Sunday, surpasses the solemnity of Palm Sunday, the "Musiw'ibisanda-Sanda" also called the "umusi w'amashami", which seems to be for them one of the most important of the year and a little like the first antiphon for the Sunday of the Resurrection.

This is proved by the crowd which fills the Mission on this day. In spite of the liturgical purple vestments and covered statues there is an air of festivity which is in direct contrast with the austerity of the week we are entering.

It is not as yet, of course, the Alleluia of victory, but it is the Hosanna of faith. Soon the voices of our thousands of Africans will sing out, with the children of Israel, a Hosanna of welcome.

The banks of the two familiar rivers of our mountains, the Ruvuba and the Luvironza, have furnished the palm branches "bisanda sanda" for the feast. One cannot find at our high altitude the elegant and majestic palms of the Sahara oases, nor even the oil palms for which one must descend to the lake, but only a thick bushy palm resembling the "doum" with which baskets are made in Algeria.

Everyone, the old and the young, has a palm. The head of the family naturally claims the largest, the mother and all the

children carry theirs. Even the youngest, still on his mother's back coos and waves the little branch that has been put in his hand.

Those new in the faith have had during Lent the fervor of the early Christians. Dispensations are rarely given to them. Each convert is honored to have been able to satisfy the ecclesiastical precepts. In spite of the prolonged rainy season a great number attend Mass. The instructions, given every day by the missionary, have been followed assiduously and on Sundays, many stay so as to be able to follow the Stations of the Cross made in common before Benediction.

The time of Lent has been the time of grace for some who had strayed from the fold, and are recalled from the pagan practices to which they had returned. They had been so miserable, and the sorcerer had promised there would be an end to their troubles, if they would return to the customs of their ancestors.

As in the early Church, the scandal they have given must be repaired in public, and it is not uncommon to find during Lent kneeling on the stone steps of the church, before High Mass, some of those Christians who thus admit their sin and their



repentance. Humbly they await absolution and the permission to return to their place in church to assist at the most august Sacrifice.

It is Palm Sunday. The hard weeks of Lent that are past and the long days of Holy Week still remaining are forgotten. Hosanna! they sing in chorus for the God

who comes, who has come to them through the light of His Holy Gospel. They wave their palms and to better adorn the roads of their hills they would gladly strew their poor clothing in the path so as to make it more worthy of their Beloved Savior who sees not the road but the hearts that are so anxious to please Him.

## Converted by A Basket

(Adapted from a True Story)  
Sister Mary Annelly.

"GOOD NEWS for you this morning, Children," said the White Sister as she opened the Work-Room door to the impatiently waiting crowd. "Lala Mariama (Our Lady) must have heard our prayers, for last night I received a big order for baskets and trays. It came just in time, otherwise I would have been obliged to send most of you home, with no work to give you."

A few minutes later, each little Kabyle girl had taken her place, each little brown head was bent over her work and the nimble fingers were actively twisting the brightly coloured raffia round reeds.

"Oh, Messaouda, this is no neat work; look, the pattern is not at all regular, and the lid of your 'tibocal' (small cone-shaped basket) goes all crooked. Start another one, and try to do better." "Very well, Sister, I will try." And Messaouda went went back to her place, sat down on the floor, crossed her legs under her, and resumed her work.

By the end of the day she had indeed so much improved that the Sister said encouragingly: "Well done, Messaouda, tomorrow it will be better still; that is enough for today. Good-bye, child."

But Messaouda, the little new-comer, remained standing, her dark, sparkling eyes looking questioningly at the Sister. "You are good, Sister," she said, "at home my mother would have beaten me for spoiling my work. Who is it that teaches you to be so kind to us?" "It is God, Messaouda, Allah the Good, Who wants everyone to be good like Himself." "Everyone, Sister?" "Yes, everyone, even you, Messaouda." And Messaouda went home thoughtful though happy that night. Something new had entered the hitherto dreary, material life of the little Moslem girl.

Some time later, Messaouda's work, those little cone-shaped baskets called 'tibocalin' together with many, many more were packed and sent across the seas to the United States. There, another White

Sister unpacked the baskets and put them aside awaiting an opportunity. She knew of a Missionary-minded Religious somewhere in United States, who was very fond of African people and things, so she sent her the little baskets which were very much liked. They soon became very popular among the pupils of the Convent School. Their fame spread far and wide, each of the girls wanted to have some for herself and told her parents about them. When Father and Mother came to the parlor they had to admire and, to buy. Some people even went to the Convent purposely. Catholics and Protestants alike were attracted by the gaily coloured 'tibocalin'.

One day a lapsed Catholic went, as he said, to see the famous baskets. Like all the visitors he was shown to the Chapel, and there from the Monstrance where He was exposed, Our Divine Lord let fall on this poor soul the radiant light of His divine love, and opened the visitor's eyes once more to the beauty of the Truth.

Who would not admire the wonderful wisdom and love of God's ways. He knew the hidden gratitude of the Moslem girl; He saw the unwitting charity of the poor lapsed Catholic, and He rewarded with the gift of His grace, one who had unknowingly helped to prepare the way for that same grace in the souls of those who knew Him not.

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One Easter eve it took eight White Fathers the whole afternoon to baptize all the Catechumens, mostly adults, so many were they that year.

It was an aged grandfather's turn:

"Do you renounce Satan?"

"Of course I do, Father!" came the spontaneous answer.

"And his works?"

"I should think so!"

"And his pomps?"

"But I have told you twice already that I do, Father . . ."

# African Mail

Dear Parents,

Mengallet, Kabylia

Winter with its snow and cold in the Atlas Mountains, is not the gay season for our Kabyles, to them it means suffering, from cold, which very often brings sickness in its train. In spite of the warmth, good beds and medicine here at the hospital, the hearts of our sick are heavy when they think of those left in their poor huts exposed to the cold winds, with little for heat. I think you can realize their sufferings.

I thank God every day for all the things He has given me. Sometimes the little boys in the ward ask me if my mother and father, brothers and sisters are still living. I tell them they are, but that I left them all for Our Lord. They open their eyes wide and find it hard to understand a sacrifice so great, but in my heart I think — my God it is very little to have given You my life — to You who have given me so much, even Yourself. I renew the sacrifice of my family, my country and above all I offer to You the sacrifice of all those I left behind. Grant them happiness and may they always love You.

I would like to share a happy incident of the week with you. A little boy six years old who is seriously ill left the hospital to be near his mother at his death. Before his departure I had the privilege to administer to him the best of all medicines, Baptism. I named him Albert. It is your Easter gift, Mother. I place this little soul in your hands. May it soon go to heaven. Pray also for his mother who is very sad knowing that her little Larbi will never be well.

Sr. M. Coecilus, W. S.

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Kala, Tanganyika

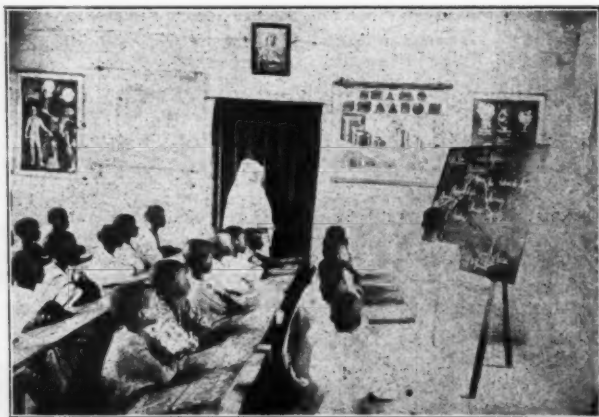
Last September we had the Baptism of a hundred adult Neophytes. On the 26th of that same month, Msgr. Van Sambeck, our Vicar Apostolic, administered Confirmation to more than five hundred persons, in our Mission alone.

Actually there are 104 children of seven years staying at the Mission, in preparation for their First Holy Communion on November 1st. The day following, after the Office for the Dead, they will return home to their families. Our Mission extends for several days walk in all directions.

November 2nd will also be the first day of this new school year. We will register some two hundred children, with a teaching staff of three White Sisters, two Native Sisters, and two lay teachers.

Up till now we have been able to maintain the various organisations in spite of the war and many restrictions. Pray that we may at least keep up our schools, it is among our children that Seminarists, Teachers and Catechists are chosen.

Our Vicariate of Tanganyika now has thirteen Native Priests. One of them, Father Dominico Hakasya, is here at Kala for a year already.



1942 will see the fiftieth anniversary of the arrival of the Missionary Fathers in these Missions. Help us by your kind prayers to render worthy thanks to Almighty God for having had compassion on this people seated in the shadows of death.

Though one must avoid mentioning self, I must tell you my happiness at having now spent nigh forty years in this corner of the Lord's vineyard. It was on the 28th of August, 1902, that I arrived, and I have lived here almost all my days since.

Sr. M. Rose of Lima, W. S.



## The Field Marshal's Medal

IT WAS IN 1841. Bugeaud, a Field Marshal, well named the Father of Algeria, was to take over the government of the colony and direct the war, then raging in Africa. Under the blows of the enemy and those equally great of disease soldiers, officers and civilians died in great numbers. Even Damremont, the General in Chief, had been critically wounded beneath the walls of Constantine.

This naturally worried the family of the Field Marshal. They knew he was not one to save himself. On the eve of his departure one of his daughters wished to place a medal of the Blessed Virgin around his neck to be a safeguard against so many and so great perils. Touched by her affection and confidence Bugeaud permitted her to place the silver medal, tied simply with a string, around his neck.

The same day the General dined at Perigueux at a large gathering, few of which were practising Catholics, as was the case of the society of the officials of that time. The Bishop of the Diocese however was present and expressed his hope that God would protect them.

"Your Excellency," said Bugeaud, "I am not unbelieving. I also have faith in God. For proof, here is one of the arms I carry with me."

So saying the Governor of Algeria pulled from his breast the little miraculous medal suspended on the string. "This is a medal of the Blessed Virgin which I promised to wear constantly."

He kept his word. In all the African wars, the medal remained close to his heart and it pleased Mary to reward the confidence of Bugeaud's child and the act of faith of the old Field Marshal. Many brave men fell at his sides, but he returned safe and sound after eighteen battles. In thanksgiving he kept his talisman close to his heart and was still wearing it when he died in the best sentiments.

Simple in itself but so precious because of so many memories the little medal, inlaid in gold, reposes at the feet of the Madonna with the sword of the old Duke of Malakoff, that of brave Jusuf and the legendary cane of Lamoriciere.

Is not their place of honor at the altar of Our Lady of Africa? . . . at Algiers.

— As related by Cardinal Lavignerie.

## A THANK YOU

TO ALL who have collected and sent in cancelled stamps for the benefit of the African Missions.

TO ALL who are helping our Coupon Drive by collecting and sending in their: Octagon, Kirkman, Luzianne, Health Club, Ballard's Rumford and Borden Coupons.

May we ask all the Readers of the Messenger to join our Coupon Campaign.

## THANKSGIVING

To Saint Ignatius of Loyola for safe extraction of teeth and perfect healing of wound. Publication Promised.

Ed. S. Hayden, Jersey City, N. J.

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

### RANSOMED PAGAN BABIES

4th Grade, St. Ludwig School, Philadelphia, Pa.  
St. Francis Xavier School, Waterbury, Conn.  
(11 babies)  
Hartford Diocese (11 babies)  
St. Hedwig's School, Detroit, Mich.  
Mrs. A. Bouchard, Suncook, N. H.  
St. Mary's School, Lee, Mass. (2 babies)  
St. Paul School, Worcester, Mass.  
Our Lady of Perpetual Help School, Brooklyn, N. Y. (2 babies)

### TO SUPPORT THE LEPERS

Miss L. Nohe, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
Mrs. G. B. Yale, Glendale, Cal.  
Miss M. Hillenbrand, Wheeling, W. Va.  
Mrs. J. Donnelly, St. Paul, Minn.  
Miss C. McBride, St. Paul, Minn.  
Miss M. Broderick, St. Paul, Minn.  
Mrs. Ed. Dolan, Carteret, N. J.  
Miss F. Rubey, Des Plaines, Ill.

### PROVIDED BREAD FOR THE ORPHANS

Mrs. C. Welch, Oakdale, Mass.  
Miss M. M. Santori, New York, N. Y.

### TO KEEP A SANCTUARY LAMP BURNING

Mrs. M. Grenier, Fitchburg, Mass.  
Miss F. Kulpa, Buffalo, N. Y.  
Mrs. C. Maher, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
Mrs. H. Sadowski, Philadelphia, Pa.  
Mrs. Kilker, Philadelphia, Pa.  
Mrs. H. Graham, Philadelphia, Pa.

## OBITUARY

Reverend J. T. Gillard, S.S.J., Baltimore, Md.  
Rev. Halfpenny, Detroit, Mich.  
Rev. L. Gavelon, W.F.  
Rev. M. Desplenter, W.F.  
Rev. J. Wermeersch, W.F.  
Rev. J. B. Cosson, W.F.  
Rev. P. Janin, W.F.  
Rev. H. LeBout, W.F.  
Rev. Bro. Egide, W.B.  
Rev. Bro. Theophile, W.B.  
Reverend Mother M. Teresa, Sisters of Mercy, No. Plainfield, N. J.  
Mr. W. J. Harris, Hillside, N. J.  
Mrs. E. Gannon, Upper Darby, Pa.  
Mr. Boyle, Jersey City, N. J. Guild Member  
Mr. T. Ryan, Philadelphia, Pa.  
Mr. B. Duggan, Jersey City, N. J., Guild Member  
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Mr. Whalen, Metuchen, N. J.  
Mr. M. Maillet, Nova Scotia  
Mr. E. Arnold, New York, N. Y.

Sr. M. St. Francois, W.S., St. Charles.  
Sr. M. St. Ilan, W.S., Mengallet.  
North Africa.

# Guy de Fontgalland

By L. L. McReavy

THE DOCTOR, who had arrived in response to the phone call diagnosed diphtheria, and made an anti-diphtheric injection. In the morning two eminent specialists were called in to consult over the case, and everything humanly possible was undertaken in endeavour to stem the disease. Simultaneously a determined onslaught was made on Heaven. Guy was vowed anew to the Blessed Virgin. Day and night before her grotto at Lourdes, and her statue at Notre Dame des Victoires, votive candles were burnt in ceaseless supplication, while whole convents of Carmelites joined with friendly priests, nuns, masters, and school-fellows in a combined effort to win back the child by prayer.

But it was a vain hope, and after the revelation of that first dreadful night, Madame de Fontgalland well knew it. All she could do now was to wait with him, and during her long watches at his bedside, draw out by her questionings something of the unsuspected riches of his soul. He on his part was of an intensely affectionate temperament, and had felt very keenly the invisible barrier which, during the last three years, his secret had raised between them. Now for the first time he was able to give free rein to the pure delights of his filial love, and the joy of it was mutual. They had everything in common now, and he could discuss all the difficulties of the past, and feel that at last she understood, and understanding, sympathised.

"You understand, mamma dear," he said one day, "why I usen't to take the trouble to work at school, why I was lazy. You see, I used to say to myself: 'What's the good of straining myself, when I'm going to die quite young? What's the good of working to pass exams, to get a situation in life like the others, when my situation will soon be Heaven?'"

And another time: "You often scolded me for my laziness," he said, "and I used to suffer a lot over that, and feel that perhaps you loved Mark, who works hard, more than me . . . But now that I am ill, I am feeling quite at ease again; there's only your Guy that counts for you; you never leave me day or night, tending me and pampering me . . . Yes, I can feel that you love me, and it's fine! I love you so much myself too."

He talked of the strain and suspense of

the last few months. It had been growing ever since Our Lady's message had brought home to him the nearness of his death. "Since Lourdes," he said, "I've been saying a whole lot of Hail Marys every night in bed before going to sleep, not knowing if my Heavenly Mamma would not come to seek me in the middle of the night. But now that I'm bad, I say to her hundreds of times every day and night: 'Pray for me now that it is the hour of my death.'"

That it was the hour of his death he never for a moment doubted. "Yes," he said, "I'm a little better since my Communion this morning. But it's only Our Lady pretending to hear all the prayers you're getting said everywhere for my recovery. Really, I fancy, she has not changed her mind: she wants me."

Nor did the rigours of his own illness blind him to the hardships which his mother was enduring for him. Night by night, she went, from ten p. m. till midnight, to snatch a few moments of repose in another room, but apart from that brief respite, she hardly ever left his side during the long weeks of his illness. One night ten o'clock had already struck, and still she lingered. Guy was troubled. "Mamma," he said, "please don't cry! Your eyes are all red, and your face quite drawn. Try to rest awhile; go and sleep. I love you so much that I should be happy if I could think that you at least sleep a little, even if I do not." And when she continued to hesitate for fear Our Lady might come in her absence, he read her thoughts: "Go on, mamma, do!" he said. "You don't need to worry, I shan't die to-night, nor any other day but a Saturday, and during the daytime, and it will be from your arms that I shall pass into hers."

The weeks dragged on, and in their long conversations together Guy went back over the days of his childhood, recalling those early dreams which had been so rudely shattered, and which had made the grim reality all the harder to bear. "I wanted to be a hermit . . . but with all the modern comforts — car, aeroplane, wireless, and I would have worked on fine inventions. Then I'd so much have liked to make the Good God known and loved the world over. I'd have gone out in an aeroplane of my own invention."

(To be Continued)

## Nomenclature of the Missions in Which The White Sisters Labor

### ALGERIA

Mother House  
Algiers 4 missions  
Ain-el-Arba  
Attafs  
Birkadem  
Birmandries  
El-Affroun  
Maison Carree  
Rivet

### TUNISIA

Bizerte  
Carthage  
Kairouan  
La Marsa  
Thibar 2 missions  
Tunis  
Tunis Sidi Brahim

### ATLAS MOUNTAINS

Akbou  
Beni-Mengallet 2 missions  
Beni-Yenni  
Bou-Nouh  
Djemaa-Saharidj  
Iril-Ali  
Oued' hias  
Oued-Aissi  
Taguemount-Azouz  
Tizi-Ouzou

### SAHARA

Ain-Sefra  
Biskra 2 missions  
El-Golea  
Ghardaia  
Geryville  
Laghout 2 missions  
Ouargla  
Touggourt

### GOLD COAST

Navrongo

### FRENCH WEST AFRICA

Bamako 2 missions  
Bodo-Dioulasso  
Kita  
Koupela  
Mandyakuy  
Ouagadougou 2 missions  
Toma  
Samoe  
Segou

### KENYA COLONY

Mangu  
Mombasa

### NYASSALAND

Bembeke  
Likuni  
Mua  
Ntakataka

### TANGANYIKA TERRITORY

Bukumbi  
Kagondo  
Kala  
Kate  
Karema  
Kigoma  
Kisa  
Mary Hill  
Mbulu  
Mugana  
Mwansa  
Mwazzie  
Ndala  
Ujiji  
Ukerewe  
Ushirombo  
Sumwe  
Tabora  
Zimba

### UGANDA

Bwanda  
Hoima  
Kisubi  
Nkozi  
Rubaga  
Toro  
Villa Maria

### RHODESIA

Cilubi  
Cilubula 2 missions  
Ipusikiro  
Kayambi  
Lubwe  
Minga

### BELGIUM CONGO

Albertville 2 missions  
Baudoinville  
Bobandana  
Bunya  
Costermanville  
Kamisuku  
Kasongo  
Katana  
La Fomular  
Logo  
Loulenga  
Mpala  
Boukeye

### RWANDA URUNDI

Astrida  
Issavi 2 missions  
Kabgaye  
Katara  
Muguera  
Muyaga  
Nyondo  
Rushubi  
Rwasa  
Usumbura  
Zaza

In these 118 missions the White Sisters conduct 37 hospitals, 29 Maternity Hospitals, 44 Baby Welfare Centers, 98 Dispensaries, 9 Leper Colonies and visit the sick at domicile. Thus, through the care of the body, souls are won for God. Then for the moral and social education of the women and girls the Sisters also conduct 57 workrooms, 111 schools — primary, high and normal — 47 orphanages, catechetical classes at the missions and, to lead chosen souls to the state of perfection, 15 native Novitiate.

In order to maintain all these spiritual and corporal works of mercy, the White Sisters have recruiting houses, procures and sanitariums in BELGIUM, CANADA, ENGLAND, FRANCE, GERMANY, and HOLLAND.

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